

# Truth Tryumphant, Over Perjury Rampant.

On the Tryal of the *Salamanca Doctor* at the *Kings-Bench-Bar*, May the 8th. and 9th. 1685.  
To the Tune of, *Sir Eglemore*.

<sup>1</sup>  
**T**Here was a *Doctor* of antient Fame,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
He never was Christned, yet carried the name  
Of a *Sa-la-manca-la*.  
A *Popish* Holder-forth was he,  
A *Doctor* he was, yet ne'r took a Degree,  
At *Sa-la manca, Sa-la, Sa-la-manca la*.

<sup>2</sup>  
This *Doctor* he was a *Knight of the Post*,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
And amongst the *Evidence* rull'd the Roast,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.  
He nothing but the Truth did swear,  
But the Devil a word of Truth was there,  
With a *Sa-la-manca, sa-la, Sa-la-manca la*.

<sup>3</sup>  
A Turn-coat *Orthodox* Divine,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.  
And cou'd amongst the *Brethren* whine;  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.  
A dangerous *Plot* he did disclose  
Against the King, yet stuck to his Foes,  
With a *Sa-la-manca, sa-la, Sa-la-manca la*.

<sup>4</sup>  
His Nose was made of shining Brasse,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
With a Mouth in the middle of his Face,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.  
when all the Pack was on the scent,  
This *Blood-hound* he all the *Beagles* out-went,  
With a *Sa-la-manca sa-la, Sa-la-manca la*.

<sup>5</sup>  
The *Doctor* a step had so damnable wide,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
'Twixt *London* and *Paris* he could easily stride,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.  
One foot in *St. Clements* at the *White-Horse*,  
And 'tother astride at *St. Omers-Cross*,  
With a *Sa-la-manca, &c.*

<sup>6</sup>  
He had a delicate *Eagles* Eye,  
Whith a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
500 miles distant his Prey he could spy,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
He could see old *Ireland* in the Strand,  
And little *Don John* in the *Austrian* Band,  
With a *Sa-la-manca, &c.*

<sup>7</sup>  
Like *Jupiter* he had an Ear,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
At once all Mortals he could hear,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.  
What's said in *England, Spain, or France*,  
Tho' he never heard Truth, but when he heard  
With a *Sa-la-manca, &c.* [Prance,

<sup>8</sup>  
But now alas! by the Leg he is ty'd,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
Which has quite spoil'd his striding so wide,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.

In Links and Gainsour *fove* they bind,  
And the *Doctor* to one place is confin'd,  
With a *Sa-la-manca, &c.*

<sup>9</sup>  
Thus clog'd with his Garters, and ready at call  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
The *Doctor* was summon'd to *Westminster-Hall*,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
With Joyful shouts, and Tuneful strains,  
The Clog of his Conscience and the the ratling  
With a *Sa-la-manca, &c.* [Chains,

<sup>10</sup>  
Of *Witnesses* a Noble Train,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
Came from *St. Omers, France and Spain*,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.  
Both *Judge* and *Prelate* thither came,  
To say what they cou'd in the *Doctor's* Fame,  
With a *Sa-la-manca, &c.*

<sup>11</sup>  
And now by what it did appear  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
And all the *Evidence* summon'd there,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.  
The *Ass* for all his long loud Ear,  
Not one true word of himself could hear,  
With a *Sa-la-manca, &c.*

<sup>12</sup>  
The first he heard was a fatal Note,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
You are Guilty Sir *Rogue* of a damnable *Plot*,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.  
But to hear himself *Perjur'd, & damn'd* withal,  
He had better have had no Ears at all;  
With a *Sa-la-manca, &c.*

<sup>13</sup>  
Then Hanging had been his Destiny,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
And never disgrac'd the Pillory,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.  
But now he's bound in Garter and Cuff  
To do Penance within a *Wooden-Ruff*,  
With a *Sa-la-manca, &c.*

<sup>14</sup>  
Not all his Spells can shun this Fate  
Of a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
Although the *Brethren* Pawn'd their Plate,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.  
Although he Poyson'd the Dog, with hope  
Of scaping with 35 Fathams of Rope,  
With a *Sa-la-manca, &c.*

<sup>15</sup>  
By many lengths here he out-run the *Plot*,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,  
When but one was predestin'd to his Lot,  
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.  
And may such Fate all *Whigs* attend, [lead,  
who with Loyal pretence prove *Rogues* in the  
With a *Sa-la-manca, sa-la, Sa-la-manca la*.